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☞ See Prospectus on the last page.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LINES

On receiving from a Lady a Book-mark, inscribed with the motto "Hope."

'Tis part of woman's mission here,
The weary heart of man to cheer,
As in the battle-field of life,
He almost faints in the strife.

Less potent are the martial strains
The soldier hears on bloody plains,
Than the sweet music of her voice
Making the mournfull heart rejoice.

Her lightsome laugh and cheering song,
They stir man's heart and make it strong,
They nerve his arm for manly blows,
In smiting down his countless foes.

Her sympathy is like a balm,
That healeth up his spirit's harm,
And the bright glances of her eye
Cause all his phantom fears to fly.

But *me* a light thing cheereth not,
Too long has sorrow been my lot,
And hope is almost powerless now
Too stirring heart and raise my brow.

Hope blessed me in my boyhood days,
Unstinted fell its sunny rays,
Around me in a golden shower,
With cloudy grief dispelling power.

It gives me now but slight relief;
It only shines upon my grief,
As fading sunlight gilds the cloud,
A corse—enwrapped in glorious shroud.

Life's joy may ne'er be mine again;
Yet lady 'twas not all in vain
Thy little gift to me was sent—
The gift of kind encouragement.

For every act of kindness shown,
And every word of kindly tone,
Like angel whispers to my heart,
Shall thrills of human love impart.

And think not lady I repine;
If any fault there be, 'tis mine:
I will not lose my spirit's pride
For all that I might gain beside.

Though Hope has left, I'm not alone,
For white winged Faith has not yet flown;
And mid life's disappointments rude,
I find a friend in Fortitude.

These bid me yet to be a man,
And bravely work what good I can;
And, lady, though I cannot hope,
I will not be a Misanthrope. [HORACE.

MISCELLANY.

From the Columbian Magazine.

HILDA SILFVERLING.

A FANTASY.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

Continued.

"Thy youth!" said Brenda, smiling. "One sees well that must have been a long time ago. To hear thee talk, one might suppose thou wert an old autumn leaf, just ready to drop from the bough, like myself."

Hilda blushed; and said she felt old, because she had had much trouble. "Poor child," responded the good Brenda? "I hope thou hast had thy share."

"I feel as if nothing could trouble me here," replied Hilda, with a grateful smile; "all seems so kind and peaceful." She breathed a few notes through the *luhr*, as she laid it away on the shelf where she had found it.—"But my good mother," said she, "how clear and soft are these tones. The pipe I used to hear was far more harsh." "The wood is very old," rejoind Brenda: "They say its more than a hundred years. Alerik Thorild gave it to me, to call my good man when he was out in the boat. Ah, he was such a Berserker* of a boy! and in truth he was not much more sober when he was here three years ago. But no matter what he did, one could never help loving him." "And who is Alerik?" asked the maiden. Brenda pointed to an old house, seen in the distance, on the declivity of one of the opposite hills. It overlooked the broad bright bay, with its picturesque little islands, and was sheltered in the rear by a noble pine forest. A waterfall came down from the hill-side, glancing in and out among the trees; and when the sun kissed it as he went away, it lighted up with a smile of rainbows. "That house," said Brenda, "was built by Alerik's grandfather. He was the richest man in the village. But his only son was away among the wars for a long time, and the old place has been going to decay. But they say Alerik is coming back to live among us; and he will soon give it a different look. He has been away to Germany and Paris, and other outlandish parts, for a long time. Ah! the rogue! there was no mischief he didn't think of. He was always tying cats together under the windows, and barking in the middle of the night, till he set all the dogs in the neighborhood a howling.—But as long as it was Alerik that did it, it was all well enough: for everybody loved him, and he always made one believe just what he liked. If he wanted to make thee think thy hair was as black as Neck's* mane, he *would* make thee think so." Hilda smiled, as she glanced at her flaxen hair, with here and there a gleam of paly gold, where the sun touched it. "I think it would be hard to prove that *this* was black," said she. "Nevertheless," rejoined Brenda, "if Alerik undertook it, he would do it. He always has his say, and does what he will. One may as well give in to him first as last."

This account of the unknown youth carried with it that species of fascination, which the idea of uncommon power always has over the human heart. The secluded maiden seldom touched the *luhr* without thinking of the giver; and not unfrequently she found herself conjecturing when this wonderful Alerik would come home. Meanwhile, constant but not excessive labor, the mountain air, the quiet life, and the kindly hearts around her, restored to Hilda more than her original loveliness. In her large blue eyes, the inward-looking sadness of experience now mingled in strange beauty with the out-looking clearness of youth. Her fair complexion was tinged with the glow of health, and her motions had the airy buoyancy of the mountain breeze. When she went to the mainland, to attend church, or rustic festival, the hearts of young and old greeted her like a May blossom. Thus with calm cheerfulness her hours went by, making no noise in their flight, and leaving no impress. But here was an unsatisfied want!—She sighed for hours that did leave a mark behind them. She thought of the Danish youth, who had first spoken to her of love; and plaintively came the tones from her *luhr*, as she gazed on the opposite hills, and wondered whether the Alerik they talked of so much, was indeed so very superior to other young men.

Father Oberg often came home at twilight with a boat full of juniper boughs, to be strewed over the floors, that they might diffuse a balmy odor, inviting to sleep. One evening, when Hilda saw him coming with his verdant load, she hastened down to the water's edge to take an armful of the fragrant boughs.—She had scarcely appeared in sight, before he called out, "I do believe Alerik has come! I heard the organ in the old house. Somebody was playing on it like a Northeast storm; and surely, said I, that must be Alerik." "Is there an organ there?" asked the damsel in surprise. "Yes. He built it himself, when he was here three years ago. He can make anything he chooses. An organ, or a basket cut from a cherry stone is all one to him."

When Hilda returned to the cottage, she of course repeated the news to Brenda, who exclaimed joyfully, "Ah then we shall see him soon! If he does not come before, we shall certainly see him at the weddings in the church to-morrow." "And plenty of tricks we shall have now," said Father Oberg, shaking his head, with a good natured smile.—"There will be no telling which end of the world is uppermost, while he is here." "Oh yes, there will, my friend," answered Brenda, laughing; "for it will certainly be whichever end Alerik stands on. The handsome little Berserker! How I should like to see him."

The next day there was a sound of lively music on the waters; for two young couples from neighboring islands were coming up the fiord, to be married at the church in the opposite village. Their boats were ornamented with gay little banners, friends and neighbors accompanied them, playing on musical instruments, and the rowers had their hats decorated with garlands. As the rustic band floated thus gaily over the bright waters, they were joined by Father Oberg, with Brenda and Hilda in his boat. Friendly villagers had already decked the simple little church with ever-greens and flowers, in honor of the bridal train. As they entered, Father Oberg observed that two young men stood at the door with clarinets in their hands. But he thought no more of it, till, according to immemorial custom, he, as clergyman's assistant, began to sing the first lines of the hymn that was given out. The very first note he sounded, up struck the clarinets at the door. The louder they played, the louder the old man bawled; but the instruments gained the victory. When he essayed to give out the lines of the next verse, merciless clarinets brayed louder than before. His stentorian voice had become vociferous and rough, from thirty years of halloing across the water, and singing of psalms in four village churches. He exerted it to the utmost, till the perspiration poured down his rubicund visage; but it was of no use. His rivals had strong lungs, and they played on clarinets in F. If the whole village had screamed fire, to the shrill accompaniment of railroad whistles, they would have over-topped them all. Father Oberg was vexed at heart, and it was plain enough that he was so. The congregation held down their heads with suppressed laughter; all except one tall vigorous young man, who sat up very serious and dignified, as if he were reverently listening to some new manifestation of musical genius. When the people left church, Hilda saw this young stranger approaching toward them, as fast as numerous hand-shakings by the way would permit.—She had time to observe him closely. His noble figure, his strong agile motions, his expressive countenance, hazel eyes with strongly marked brows, and abundant brown hair tossed aside with a careless grace, left no doubt in her mind that this was the famous Alerik Thorild, but what made her heart beat more was his strong resemblance to Magnus the Dane. He went up to Brenda and kissed her, and threw his arms about Father Oberg's neck, with expressions of joyful recognition. The kind old man, vexed as he was, received these affectionate demonstrations with great friendliness. "Ah, Alerik," said he, after the first salutations were over, "that was not kind of thee." "Me! What!" exclaimed the young man with well-feigned astonishment. "To put up those confounded clarinets to drown my voice," rejoined he, bluntly. "When a man has led the singing thirty years in four parishes, I can assure thee it is not a pleasant joke to be treated in that style. I know the young men are tired of my voice, and think they could do things in better fashion, as young fools always do; but I may thank thee for putting it into their heads to bring those detestable clarinets."

"Oh, dear Father Oberg," replied the young man, in the most coaxing tones, and with the most caressing manner, "you *could not* think I would do such a thing!" "On the contrary, it is just the thing thou couldst do," answered the old man: "Thou need'st not think to cheat me out of my eye teeth, this time. Thou hast often enough made me believe the moon was made of green cheese. But I know thy tricks. I shall be on my guard now; and mind thee, I am not going to be bamboozled by thee again." Alerik smiled mischievously; for he, in common with all the villagers, knew it was the easiest thing in the world to gull the simple-hearted old man. "Well, come Father Oberg," said he, "shake hands and be friends. When you come over to the village, to-morrow, we will drink a mug of ale together, at the Wolf's Head."—"Oh yes, and be played some trick for his pains," said Brenda. "No, no," answered Alerik, with great gravity; "he is on his guard now, and I cannot bamboozle him again."—With a friendly nod and smile, he bounded off, to greet some one whom he recognized. Hilda stepped back to hide herself from observation. She was a little afraid of the handsome Berserker; and his resemblance to the Magnus of her youthful recollections made her sad.

The next afternoon, Alerik met his old friend, and reminded him of the agreement to drink ale at the Wolf's Head. On the way, he invited several young companions. The ale was excellent, and Alerik told stories and and sang songs, which filled the little tavern with roars of laughter. In one of the intervals of merriment, he turned suddenly to honest Hans, and said, "Father Oberg, among the many things I have learned and done in foreign countries, did I ever tell you that I had made a league with the devil, and am shot proof?" "One might easily believe thou hadst made a league with the devil, before thou wert born," replied Hans, with a grin at his own wit; "but as for being shot-proof, that is another affair." "Try me and see," rejoined Alerik. "These friends are witnesses that I tell you it is perfectly safe to try.—Come, I will stand here; fire your pistol, and you will soon see that the evil one will keep the bargain he made with me." "Be done with thy nonsense, Alerik," rejoined his old friend. "Ah, I see how it is," replied Alerik, turning towards the men. "Father Oberg used to be a famous shot. Nobody was more expert in the bear or wolf hunt than he; but old eyes grow dim, and old hands will tremble. No wonder he does not like to have us see how much he fails." This was attacking honest Hans on his weak side. He was proud of his strength, and skill in shooting, and he did not like to admit that he was growing old. "I not hit a mark!" exclaimed he, with indignation: "When did I ever miss a thing I aimed at?" "Never, when you were young," answered one of the company; "but it is no wonder you are afraid to try now." "Afraid!" exclaimed the old hunter, impatiently. "Who the devil said I was afraid?" Alerik shrugg his shoulders and replied carelessly, "It is natural enough that these young men should think so, when they see you refuse to aim at me, though I assure you that I am shot-proof, and that I will stand perfectly still." "But art thou really shot-proof?" inquired the guileless old man. "The devil has helped thee to do so many strange things, that one never knows what he will help thee to do next." "Really, Father Oberg, I speak in earnest. Take up your pistol and try, and you will soon see with your own eyes that I am shot-proof." Hans Oberg looked around upon the company like one perplexed. His wits, never very bright, were somewhat muddled by the ale. "What shall I do with this wild fellow?" inquired he. "You see he *will* be shot." "Try him, try him," was the general response. "He has assured you he is shot-proof; what more do you need?"

The old man hesitated awhile, but after some further parley, took up his pistol and examined it. "Before we proceed to business," said Alerik, "let me tell you that if you do *not* shoot me, you shall have a gallon of the best ale you ever drank in your life. Come and taste it, Father Oberg, and satisfy yourself that it is good." While they were dissussing the merits of the ale, one of the young men took the ball from the pistol. "I am ready now," said Alerik: "Here I stand. Now don't loose your name for a good marksman." The old man fired; and Alerik fell back with a deadly groan. Poor Father Oberg stood like a stone image of terror. His arms adhered rigidly to his sides, his jaw dropped, and his great eyes seemed starting from their sockets. "Oh Father Oberg, how *could* you do it!" exclaimed the young men. The poor horrified Hans stared at them wildly, and gasping and stammering replied, "Why he said he was shot-proof; and you all told me to do it." "Oh yes," said they; "but we supposed you would have sense enough to know it was all in fun. But don't take it too much at heart. You will probably forfeit your life; for the government will of course consider it a poor excuse when you tell them that you fired at a man merely to oblige him, and because he said he was shot-proof. But don't be too much cast down, Father Oberg. We must all meet death in some way; and if worst comes to worst, it will be a great comfort to you and your good Brenda that you did not intend to commit murder." The poor old man gazed at them with an expression of such extreme suffering, that they became alarmed, and said, "Cheer up, cheer up. Come you must drink something to make you feel better." They took him by the shoulders, and as they led him out, he looked back wistfully on the body. The instant he left the apartment, Alerik sprang up and darted out of the opposite door; and when Father Oberg entered the other room, there he sat, as composedly as possible, reading a paper, and smoking his pipe. "There he is!" shrieked the old man, turning paler than ever. "Who is there?" inquired the young men. "Do'n't you see Alerik Thorild?" exclaimed he, pointing, with an expression of intense horror. They turned to the landlord, and remarked, in a compassionate tone, "Poor Father Oberg has shot Alerik Thorild, whom he loved so well; and the dreadful accident has so affected his brain, that he imagines he sees him." The old man pressed his broad hand hard against his forehead, and again groaned out, "Oh do'n't you see him?" The tones indicated such agony, that Alerik had not the heart to prolong the scene. He sprang on his feet, and exclaimed, "Now for your gallon of ale, Father Oberg! you see the devil did keep his bargain with me." "And *are* you alive?" shouted the old man. The mischievous fellow soon convinced him of that, by a slap on the shoulder that made his bones ache. Hans Oberg capered like a dancing bear. He hugged Alerik, and jumped about, and clapped his hands, and was altogether beside himself. He drank unknown quantities of ale, and this time sang loud enough to drown a brace of clarinets in F.

The night was far advanced when he went on board his boat to return to his island home. He pulled the oars vigorously, and the boat shot swiftly across the moon-lighted waters. But on arriving at the customary landing, he could discover no vestige of his white-washed cottage. Not knowing that Alerik, in the full tide of his mischief, had sent men to paint the house with a dark brown wash, he thought he must have made a mistake in the landing; so he rowed round to the other side of the island, but with no better success. Ashamed to return to the mainland, to inquire for a house that had absconded, and a little suspicious that the ale had hung some cobwebs in his brain, he continued to row hither and thither, till his strong, muscular arms fairly ached with exertion. But the moon was going down, and all the landscape settling into darkness; and he at last reluctantly concluded that it was best to go back to the village inn. Alerik, who had expected this result much sooner, had waited there to receive him.—When he had kept him knocking a sufficient time, he put his head out of the window, and inquired who was there. "Father Oberg," was the disconsolate reply. "For the love of mercy let me come in and get a few minutes sleep before morning. I have been rowing about the bay these four hours, and I can't find my house any where." "This is a very bad sign," replied Alerik, solemnly. "Houses do'n't run away, except from drunken men. Ah, Father Oberg! Father Oberg! what *will* the minister say?" But he did not have a chance to persecute the weary old man much longer; for scarcely had he come under the shelter of the house, before he was snoring in a profound sleep.

Early the next day, Alerik sought his old friends in their brown-washed cottage. He found it not so easy to conciliate them as usual. They were really grieved; and Brenda even said she believed he wanted to be the death of her old man. But he had brought them presents which he knew they would like particularly well; and he kissed their hands, and talked over his boyish days, till at last he made them laugh. "Ah now," said he, "you have forgiven me, my dear old friends. And you see, father, it was all your own fault. You put the mischief into me, by boasting before all those young men that I could never bamboozle you again." "Ah, thou incorrigible rogue!" answered the old man. "I believe thou hast indeed made a league with the devil; and he gives thee the power to make every body love thee, do what thou will."

Alerik's smile seemed to express that he

* A warrior famous in the Northern Sagas for his stormy and untamable character.

* An elfish spirit, which, according to popular tradition in Norway, appears in the form of a coal-black horse.

always had a pleasant consciousness of such power. The *luhr* lay on the table beside him, and as he took it up, he asked, "Who plays on this? Yesterday, when I was out in my boat, I heard some very wild pretty little variations." Brenda instead of answering, called, "Hilda! Hilda!" and the young girl came from the next room, blushing as she entered. Alerik looked at her with evident surprise. "Surely, this is not your Gunilda?" said he. "No," replied Brenda, "she is a Swedish orphan, whom the all-kind Father sent to take the place of our Gunilda, when she was called hence." After some words of friendly greeting, the visitor asked Hilda if it was she who played so sweetly on the *luhr*. She answered timidly, without looking up. Her heart was throbbing; for the tones of his voice were like Magnus the Dane.

[*Concluded next week.*]

An old lady and the fireman.—"Where is the fire?" asked Mrs. Partington of a fireman, from an upper window, as the bells were waking the night with their clangor.

"In ——," was the ungallant response, naming the hottest title of perpetual wrath.

"Dear me!" said the old lady, not comprehending him; "is it so far off? I wish it was nearer, for your sake! But he'll get there soon," she muttered to herself, "if he goes on as he does now;" and she went to sleep again, invoking blessings on the guardians of public safety.

Curiosities.—A link from chain-lightning.

The key which the elephant used to unlock his trunk.

A charge of powder from Graham's Magazine.

A wedge used to split the difference.

A hammer used to crack jokes.

Scales used by sailors to weigh anchor.

Fur from the Seal of the State of Connecticut

The best safeguard under impetous feeling is silence.

THE VOICE OF INDUSTRY.

Every man should be guaranteed a permanent home on the earth, the choice of industrial pursuits, the power to limit, at will, the hours of labor, an equivalent for what he produces, the best opportunities for education, and freedom in everything.

D. H. JAQUES EDITOR.

W. F. YOUNG, W. T. G. PEIRCE. } Regular Contributers.

LOWELL:

FRIDAY MORNING, SEPT. 17, 1847.

HOURS OF LABOR.

The great question of Labor—its conditions, its relations to capital and skill, the physical, intellectual, and social evils suffered by those who perform it, is now a prominent one before the people. It certainly deserves all the prominence given to it. Our purpose now, is to speak of that particular branch of the general subject which relates to the hours of labor.

That mechanics, operatives, and laborers in general, now work too many hours per day, is very generally, though, we are sorry to say, not universally, admitted. It is seen that the present long hour system of monotonous toil is destructive to health and life, that it gives the laborer no time for mental culture, or for the development of his social nature, and the enjoyments of home and family; and that it is rapidly degrading the toiling millions, and destroying their self-respect and independence. But many obstacles are supposed to stand in the way of our adoption of the short hour system. Some of these are real, and others imaginary. Of the real obstacles which obstruct the path of Progress in this matter, the most difficult are those placed there by the laboring classes themselves.—These are the results of their ignorance, and this ignorance is the result of a false industrial and social organization. Thus the vicious circle is completed, and the evil perpetually re-creates itself. A complete and permanent remedy will be found only in the organization of industry, on the basis of co-operation and unity of interests.

We will just glance, in passing, at two or three ways in which those who are most interested in the advancement of Industrial Reform, have heretofore hindered its progress.

1. By allowing themselves to be made the tools of selfish and designing political partizans, who *profess* great love for the dear Working-men, and a great desire to reinstate them in all their rights, but who really care nothing for them, or their interests, as is abundantly manifest as soon as the elections are over.

2. By calling to their aid certain noisy strolling declaimers, whose love for the cause is shown by nothing but windy speeches, harsh epithets, denunciations, and low blackguardism. Incalculable injury has been done to the cause of Industrial Reform by this means. Crowded meetings have been called out, and "tremendous excitements" created, it is true, but in the end the prejudices of the Conservatives have been strengthened, and all classes disgusted. This evil must be remedied, or success will not soon crown our efforts. Working-men must not allow those, of whose characters they are entirely ignorant, and of whose devotion to their interests they have no proof, to advocate for them a cause so dear to their hearts. They must rely upon themselves, and upon their tried and faithful friends.

3. By joining with those who are living in ease and luxury on the products of the toil of others, in saying that "things are about right as they are," that "the employer pays what he agrees to, and that is enough," that "what always has been always must be," etc., and by a beastlike contentment with their condition. This is the worst of all. It is evidence of a melancholy, and almost discouraging state of things. When men begin to hug their chains, and fawningly smile upon the tyrants who are rivetting them, there is little hope.—The fact that there is a class to whom these remarks will apply, has been used, with some effect, by the opponents of Reform, in reply to the arguments in favor of a reduction of the hours of labor, drawn from the need felt by the laborer, of time for study and relaxation. They point to such, and say, *they* are contented with things as they are. They ask no change.

The diffusion of knowledge among the people will, we trust, gradually remove this, together with the other obstacles we have named.

We propose to resume this subject next week, and speak of another class of obstacles, supposed by many to stand in the way of the short hour system, and to be insurmountable, for the present at least. We shall quote at considerable length, from an article we lately came across in an old number of *Chambers' Edinburgh Journal*—a work untainted with the slighest suspicion of modern industrial or social heresy,—showing that even the *pecuniary interests* of the employer would be promoted by a reduction of the hours of labor. The article referred to deals in *facts*, and is unanswerable.

PROTECTIVE UNION.---NO. II.

It will be seen by every candid person that the saving made by trading at a Protective Union store is immense, and that the benefit accruing from it, to the members, will in a measure compensate them, (so far as dollars and cents are concerned,) for the smallness of their way s.

The next thing to be considered is the quality of the articles, as the question is often asked by the *uninitiated*, "are the articles as good as can be procured at the grocer's at the prices quoted." I answer yes, and often *better*. I will mention one or two facts. One of our members soon after our first purchase of goods bought a pound of Young Hyson Tea, paying, I believe, 35 cents for it. He had previous to that been paying at the rate of 60 and 65 cents per pound. Upon trying it he found it greatly *superior* (both in strength and flavor) to that he had been paying the high price for;—thus he got a better article, 25 and 30 cents a pound cheaper. I will mention one other. A person (not a member) came into the store a few weeks since while I was present and wished to see some of the same quality of tea. It was shown him. He took a small parcel of tea, for which he had paid 45 or 50 cents per pound, out of his pocket, and upon comparing them no difference could be seen, but when tasted our *cheap* article was pronounced the best; he examined other goods and enquired their prices. Suffice it to say he is now a member of Division No. 1. I believe it is pretty generally understood that articles that can be, are adulterated, either before or after they get into the hands of the retailer,—it not they have been greatly belied. Is not an inferior article of tea often mixed with a good and thus palmed off as the best? Does not coffee often get a sprinkling of peas when being roasted and ground, and then sold as pure coffee? Is not sperm oil mixed with an equal quantity of common whale oil, and sold as a superior article? Are not sugars adulterated in the same ratio, and so on to the end of the chapter? I have never seen these things done, but have frequently heard of their being done. I do not pretend to be a judge of sugars, teas or oils and do not know as I should be able to detect the fraud, but in the article of coffee my *nose* does not deceive me, working as I do in the neighborhood, where they roast and grind it. I have an opportunity of testing the *ingredients* of which it is composed. Although I am opposed to the use of it, I must contess that the odor of coffee when roasting is anything but disagreeable, and when the pure article is undergoing the process I snuff it up and enjoy it hugely, but when the grocer's incense to mammon (burnt peas) arises, my olfactory organs give evident symptoms of a desire on their part to quit the premises. We do not countenance any such cheatery as this in the "Protective Union." Why should we? None can be benefitted by it and "honesty (in all cases) is the best policy.?" If there should be any such article as peas brought into a "Division," it would be sold as such and not as coffee. But if a grocer sells a mixture of the two I don't imagine he sells it for peas, or, a mixture, but the pure article itself. So much for adulteration.—But there is another consideration for it is not in quality only, but in weights and measures there is a saving; we frequently hear new members say, upon having their jugs and buckets filled, and on being told that the quantity ordered would more than fill them, "that they never before had any difficulty in making them hold that amount," showing conclusively that if the grocers weights and measures are *just right* ours are *too large*. I heard it stated a few days since by an individual who will join us if he remains in the city, that he had frequently weighed articles after purchasing from grocers and found they fell short, one and two ounces in the pound. If they carry on this buisness very extensively it will not take a great while to 'feather their nests.' I will relate a little incident as told me by an old lady with whom I formerly boarded.—She had ordered a barrel of flour, her grocer on bringing it was obliged to carry it down a flight of stairs to get into the kitchen. She thought he handled it as if it was not very heavy, and upon examination, after he had gone it seems that the grocer thought the inspector had allowed to *great* weight and had remedied it himself, for upon putting a stick into it, it would find the bottom without much help. She ordered it sent back, and with it one of Mrs. Caudle's blessings. These are but two out of many instances which might be cited in proof of short weight and measure, but I do not mean to be understood that Lowell is the only place where this is practiced. It is the same all through the country in a greater or less degree. Our "Union," puts a stop to all this, for if a member was ever so much disposed to play the "grab game," he could not do it without being detected, there are no dividends either to induce him to do it, and if light weight and a poor article is served to one, it is to all, so that he would not be a gainer either way. Every thing must be conducted in a straight forward manner for we are bound together by mutual interests, and when one member suffers it is felt through the whole Division. P.

P. S. Since writing the above a friend has called in to enquire about the "Protective Union," his attention being called to it by the article in last weeks paper, he says some of our grocers have taken exceptions to the prices quoted in that article, especially the Tea, as there is a number of qualities of Hyson Tea. I procured some Young Hyson Tea yesterday (Tuesday) purchased of one of our most popular grocers, by one of his customers and saw the price paid for it *on his book*, which was 56 cents per pound, and on trial with an equal quantity of ours, the cost of which is 34 cents, (per centage added will make it 36 cents,) our Tea was pronounced vastly, superior to the other by those who knew nothing why the experiment was being tried, and who are connoisseurs in such matters too; how does that tell, Messrs Grocers? nearly 60 per cent saved and a better article! You can try the experiment yourselves at any time, all we ask is "fair play." P.

MATHEMATICS OF GOD.

The following extract is from an article in the last *Democratic Review*, written by Mr. Arrington, of Texas. We commend it to all, and especially to those who are so unfortunate as not to believe in the existence of an All-wise Providence, according to whose beautiful, harmonious, and universal laws, all things exist. God does, indeed, "*geometrize*." We see proofs in every thing around us, from the solar system, down to the atoms which combine in definite numbers and definite forms, to make the smallest chrystal. But here is the extract:

One beautiful evening in May, I was reading, by the light of the setting sun, in my favorite Plato. I was seated on the grass, interwoven with golden blooms, immediately on the bank of the crystal Colorado of Texas. Dan in the distant west arose with smoky outlines, massy and irregular, the blue cones of an off-shoot of the Rocky Mountains.

I was perusing one of the Academician's most starry dreams. It had laid fast hold of my fancy, without exciting my faith. I wept to think that it could not be true. At length I came to that startling sentence, "God geometrizes." "Vain revery," I, exclaimed, as I cast the volume on the ground at my feet. It fell close by a beautiful little flower, that looked fresh and bright, as if it had just fallen from the bosom of a rainbow. I broke it from its silvery stem, and began to examine its structure. Its stamens were five in number; its green calyx had five parts; its delicate corol was five, parted with rays, expanding like those of the Texan star. This combination of fives three times in the same blossom, appeared to me very singular. I had never thought on such a subject before. The last sentence I had just read in the page of the pupil of Socrates was ringing in my ears—"God geometrizes." There was the text written long centuries ago; and here this little flower, in the remote wilderness of the west, furnished the commentary. There suddenly passed, as it were, before my eyes, a faint flash of light. The enigma of the universe was open. Swift as a thought, I calculated the chances against the production of those three *equations* of five in only one flower, by any principle devoid of the reason to perceive number. I found that there were one hundred and twenty-five chances against such a supposition. I extended the calculation to two flowers, by squaring the sum last mentioned. The chances amounted to the large sum of fifteen thousand six hundred and twenty-five. I cast my eyes around in the forest; the old woods were literally alive with these golden blooms, where countless bees were humming, and butterflies sipping honey-dew.

I will not attempt to describe my feelings. My soul became a tumult of radiant thoughts. I took up my beloved Plato from the grass where I had tossed him in a fit of despair.—Again and again I pressed him to my bosom, with a clasp tender as a mother's around the neck of her sleeping child. I kissed alternately the book and the blossom, bedewing them both with tears of joy. In my wild enthusiasm, I called out to the little birds on the green boughs, trilling their cheery farewells to departing day—"Sing on, sunny birds; sing on, sweet minstrels; Lo! ye and I have still a God."

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE QUESTION.

Our friends who approve of war, under "certain circumstances," and who think the existing contest with Mexico a just and glorious one, may be pleased to see something in the *Voice* advocating their side of the question. This would perhaps be nothing more than justice, so we give below an extract from a letter, written by one of the Massachusetts Volunteers, and dated, *Monterey, July* 16, 1847. Of course the writer cannot testify against himself and his friends. We find the extract in the *Chronotype*.

"I will tell you how we spent the Fourth of July here, just to let you know how we are treated. In the morning, at 9 o'clock, the drums beat and the battalion was formed, consisting of Companies E, B, G, and I, and we marched to General Taylor's camp, five miles from the city, where we stood in the open sun to listen to an oration, by Gen. Cushing. The command of the different Companies was then given to the 1st Sergeants, and, while the officers stopped behind to get drunk, we were marched back to the city—getting nothing to eat from 9 in the morning till 6 at night!—That's the way *we* spent the 4th of July, and it is the truth. I thought of the time we had last 4th of July.

"A month's pay goes about as far here as one dollar would go in Boston. For a glass of grog we pay 12 1-2 cents, 12 1-2 cents for a pipe, $1,50 for a pound of tobacco, 5 cents for a sheet of writing paper, and other things in proportion.

"If a man ever asks you to enlist, knock him down with a club. I have seen as much of Mexico as I want to. There is as much difference between this regiment and the ones that have gone home, as there is between chalk and cheese."

Shakespear's House. We learn from the People's Journal, that Shakespear's at Stratford, upon-Avon, is for sale! There are two classes of bidders for the property, some *American speculators* and the corporation of Stratford. The Americans are as yet the highest bidders, and the writer in the Journal appeals to his countrymen to take some measures to prevent its falling into their hands.—He says if it falls into the power of the Yankees, they will detach it from the sacred soil on which it stands, separate it from the kindred holy places in the neighborhood, set it on a truck, and carry it out of the country, to be hawked about the States as an exhibition!

The Covenant.—This is a monthly Magazine, devoted to Odd-Fellowship and General Literature. It is published in Baltimore by Mrs. Catharine Nielson, who is said to be a poor and deserving widow, on whose hands the work was left at the death of her husband. She depends upon the income of the work for the support of herself and family. We commend the work to members of the Order. It has a large number of excellent contributors. *The Covenant* will come to this city, free of *postage*. Miss S. G. Bagley is Agent for Lowell.

Beautiful.—the following paragraph is. Who will dispute the writer's claim to be a scholar, a gentleman, and a *Christian?* Truly the piety of our day is without a parallel.

"What do ye here, ye railing supporters of the Murderer's Friend and Assassin's Nurse Society, who are laboring to render this world a paradise of vilains, and the next a paradise of devils? Up, and be gone! Go where glory waits you; and in some vacant wilderness frame a commonwealth after your own hearts, where law and gospel shall be alike unknown, and where ye may put on the triple crown of dead-levelling Jacobinism, plundering Agrarianism, and beastial Community!"—*Christian Observatory.*

Taxes of Corporations. The following are the amount of taxes of the several Corporations in Lowell:

Lowell Bleachery, $784; Appleton Company $3360; Boot Cotton Mills, $6720; Hamilton Company, 6738; Lawrence Company, $8400; Lowell Company, 5040; Lowell Machine Shop $2800; Merrimack Company, $11,200; Massachusetts Cotton Mills, $10,080; Middlesex Mills, $5600; Suffolk Company, $3360; Tremont Mills, $3360; Locks and Canals Company, $888,30.

☞ The New Hampshire Ten Hour Law went into operation on the 15th, (Wednesday last.) The results of the operation remain to be seen.

☞ The following is rather an imitation than a translation from the German of Hardenberg. It claims to possess but little of the peculiar beauty of the original, but may serve to fill a corner, for the occupancy of which nothing better offers.

UNION.

No more each other spurning,
Soul unto soul is turning;
With deep and ceaseless yearning,
For Peace, and Love, and Home!
And know we by this token,
That no love link is broken;
The promise has been spoken,
That *all that rude shall bloom.*

Brother, without shrinking,
My hands with thine I'm linking;
Light from thine eyes I'm drinking,
Turn not their glance from me,
Beneath one some star-lighted,
Soul unto soul, love-plighted,
Are by one Hope united:
One Heaven for me and thee.

Correspondence of the Voice.

South Boston, Sept. 13, 1847.

Mr. Editor: South Boston is a place of much business, and is not much "citified."—It has a Broadway, though I have seen no promenading in this street or any other, which has led me to think the people are all industrious. The other streets in this place are designated by letters, alphabetically arranged and by figures. None of the houses are numbered. The facilities for passing to and from the city are good and cheap. One can go every fifteen minutes from 6 A.M. to 10 P.M. for six cents a trip, a distance of more than two miles. One pleasant feature in this place, and one which is worthy of remark, is this: there seems to be no loafing here. None congregated at the corners of streets holding up posts. This, I am told, must be imputed to "the great number of workshops, where they work eleven hours, and get well paid." I have not heard so much of poverty, from the working men here as in some other place, and they all seem to be interested in the object of your paper. I was recommended to an establishment where the proprietors were "Great Democrats," and it occurred to me that where there were "Great Democrats" there would be perfect liberty; but too soon I was asked by one called a "Foreman", in no very bland tone, "Have you got a Permit to come in here?" This was ejaculated from a gallant youth, who would follow St. Paul "to serve masters in all things." Who would think Democrats would not permit a Factory Girl (or a Lady, as we are sometimes called) to have access in their workshop to disseminate principles of democracy!

By the politeness of your friend Robinson, have been introduced to a large number of the members of the W. M. P. U., No. 3. The gentlemen of this Division have done, and will do much for the encouragement of your paper. The Division seems to be ahead of all others. They have a great variety of household articles and groceries at their store, which is about to be enlarged, as trade has increased much of late; and what is better than all the rest, they have an excellent library, which is much read. One who is not a member says, "They are growing rich!" Thro' the magnanimous spirit of one of the members of the "Old Colony Fraternity" I have been favored with a "Free Ticket" to go and see the "Plymouth Rock," which has been written and talked about more than two hundred years. A part of the rock is enclosed in the yard of the "Pilgrim House," by an ornamental iron fence, on which the names of our ancestors are engraved. The Pilgrim House is a magnificent building, in imitation of granite. It is filled with a great variety of antique curiosities, which were brought in the Mayflower, A. D. 1620. It is well worth awhile to visit this pleasant town. Just get into the cars on the Old Colony Railroad, and you will find good seats, gentlemanly conductors, and skillful engineers, who will transport you to the well-known spot, a distance of 37 miles, in less than two hours. You will pass many pleasant towns, one of which is Quincy. Most readers know that this place gave birth to two men who have done a great deal for political freedom and Christian benevolence. When you pass that way, don't forget to look at the house in which John Quincy Adams resides.

One word more, and I close. The Old Colony House at Plymouth is a Tempegance House—good, clean, comfortable and airy.—An excellent table is set at this house, with every thing to satisfy the most dainty epicure.

M. E.

Davis the Clairvoyant.—The attacks made upon the Revelations of A. J. Davis, and upon Professor Bush and others, in connection therewith, have called out the learned Professor in a reply. This reply is published in the New York Tribune, and shows conclusively, we think, that the work is *no imposture*, though it may contain a mixture of truth and error. The error, of which he thinks there is much, the Professor attributes directly to the Father of Lies himself, who is wont to sow tares among the wheat, whenever opportunity offers.

Young America, the Organ of the Land Reform movement, and one of the best papers in the country, is for sale at the Voice office. Price, 4 cents per single copy.

The National Era advocates the annexation of *all* Mexico to the United States.

Phrenology And Physiology.—There will be a meeting of those interested in the above sciences, at 76 Central st., next Thursday evening, to organize a class for their study. Will our Lowell readers, who should all be interested, bear this in mind. We are glad to see evidence, as we do all around us, that people are awaking to the importance of obeying that ancient exhortation, *Know thyself.*

To Correspondents.—"G. R." was received too late for this number. Shall appear next week. Several others *ditto*.

Several Poetical (?) effusions have found their way *under the table*. We are sorry.

Tyranny—Read This.—We make the following extract from an article in the *Manchester Democrat*. It needs no comments.—"At the present time, when the law of our State provides that the operatives need not work more than ten hours, unless he or she so pleases, one would hardly have supposed that we had among us men so devoid of humanity, so emphatically *black hearted*, as to "black list" an operative, for exercising a right conferred by the statute, and one too they have so loudly asserted they had the liberty to exercise at any time, free and unmolested, Yet such is the fact. Operatives who have refused to sign the "special contracts" binding them to work "as long as the mills run," have been discharged and "black listed." Yes, more than this—operatives who had been to Lowell and engaged work on the corporations, have been refused work after word had been sent from Manchester that they had refused to "take the new regulation papers!" More than this even, operatives who went to Lowell the past week, were refused entrance to the yards, and told in the most impudent manner that orders had been given to admit or employ no hands from Manchester!"

Division No. 6. We learn that Division No. 6, W. M. P. U., Manchester, is in a highly prosperous condition. Their store is on Elm street, under the Methodist church. Meetings are held every Wednesday evening, at Merrimack Hall, opposite the Manchester House.

☞ Horace Greeley has a little "plain talk" (very mild and sweet) in the *Tribune* of Sept. 14th, addressed to the Long Hour folks of New Hampshire. He gives certain Whig papers in that State a deserved rebuke.

☞ Wright of the *Chronotype* has been indicted for a libel on the Wright, sometimes called Colonel, who is "fighting the battles of his country" in Mexico; which country the learned jury locates in *South America!* Where *is* the Schoolmaster!

The People's Journal, for August, is on our table. We have not found time to read it. It is always good.

Fire in Lowell. On Tuesday morning last, a fire broke out in one of the mills of the Massachusetts corporation. The fire originated in the attic story, about half of which was burned.

The Mechanics' Fair is now open in Boston.

SCISSORINGS.

MEXICAN NEWS.

The Telegraphic Report to the evening papers, to-day, contains a reliable confirmation of the battles said to have been fought by Gen. Scott, near the city of Mexico.

New York, Wednesday, 12 M.

The New Orleans Picayune (Extra) of the 8th inst., contains highly important intelligence furnished by the arrival at New Orleans of the steamer Mary Kingsland, from Vera Cruz.

Gen. Scott had had two battles with the enemy, in each of which our arms were victorious. The battles were the hardest fought of any during the war.

Fifteen pieces of artillery were captured, and *fifteen hundred* Mexicans taken prisoners—including Generals Blanco, Gracia, Mendosa, and Salas. A great quantity ammunition and camp equipage was also taken, and *seven hundred* of the enemy killed, including many officers.

The fighting commenced on the 14th of Aug. On the 15th Santa Anna's principal defences were turned.

On the 17th, Gen. Worth came in sight of the Capital. On the 18th, Gen. Scott arrived. Further skirmishing.

On the 19th, a further engagement, but nothing decisive. The enemy presented a very imposing appearance, and was stronger than expected.

On the 20th the main battle was fought.—The engagement was between Gen. Worth and the main body of the Mexican army, on the road to San Angel. A severe fight succeeded, which resulted in the enemy's yielding with a loss of three pieces of artillery.—At 1 o'clock, P. M., the battle was begun in good earnest. In two hours the enemy was completely routed. The force of the enemy included 15,000 to 20,000 fresh troops, in a very strong position. The American force was not over 6000, and our troops were much jaded. Santa Anna commanded in person, but retired early from the field.

An armistice was then entered into, the terms of which are, that neither army is to be reinforced nor build new defences during the armistice, nor go beyond their present lines. In short the two armies are in no way to interfere with each other, without forty-eight hours' notice.

Thus, it will be seen that the capital has not been taken, and that peace has not, as yet, been made.

An imperfect list of the killed and wounded is given. We do not perceive any familiar names.

A Puzzling Case.—A. calls B. a liar. B. brings an action for defamation. A. proves in court that B. had himself boasted of lying. The counsel for B. objects to this evidence, that B. was a liar, on the ground that if he was not a liar, he was not, of course, in the nature of things. whatever he might have said about it; and if he was a liar, why then his own assertion to that effect would not be allowed in evidence. On the other hand, A's counsel contended that if B. was a liar, why then he was, and A's assertion being true, he must be acquitted at once; but if B. was not a liar, then his own assertion that he was one, was itself a lie, and proved A's assertion correct. How is it?

The Editor of the National Watchman, a 'colored" paper at Troy, says that J. Harleston Read of Charleston, S. C., one of the thirty-seven Southerners who issued a circular to establish a pro-slavery paper in Washington, to his "certain knowledge has a colored family, consisting of a beautiful woman, 'a swarthy prototype Hagar,' and five children. By the way, the poet of Amesbury, or his compositor, committed a bull in the use of the word *prototype* instead of antitype, in that line.

Postage.—The English Postage of two cents per letter. whatever distance it may be carried, one mile or a thousand, last year, not only paid all expenses, but yielded to the Government a revenue of $4,000,000. With the superior intelligence in this country amongst the mass, our greater letter writtng disposition, and abundant and cheap facilties, who should we not venture the experiment of Two Cents Postage?

The Turn-Out.—To-day (Wednesday 15th,) the ten-hour law goes into operation. "Special contracts" were some time since prepared by the corporations, and presented to the operatives for their signatures. Those who persisted in refusing to sign, we are told were discharged on Saturday night. There are many reports in circulation, as to the number of the non-signers. It is thought about one half the operatives on the Nashua corporation are at work, while many state the number at one third. On the Jackson corporation we think the number of non-signers is less, proportionably.

* * * * * * * *

It is undertood that the operatives are turn out to-day, Wednesday, in procession, with music and banners. On the whole, the times promise to be rather exciting.—*Nashua Oasis.*

News by Clairvoyance.—A friend of ours being put in the clairvoyant state last night, ascertained that the armistice was violated on the part of the Mexicans,, and that Gen. Scott was constrained to take the city by assault, much blood being shed. We stake our faith in clairvoyance upon the truth of this vision. If it turns out to be a mere "vision of the night," then let clairvoyance be written down a humbug.—*Newark Adv.*

Matrimonial Exchange.—Monsieur Kilby, who recently established a matrimonial Exchange in New York for the purpose of effecting marriages between ladies and gentlemen who have not time, patience, or opportunity to go through the long, tedious and very expensive process of courtship, was in Boston yesterday, and we learn intends opening a similar establishment here. His terms are only about $5,00 for effecting a matrimonial negociation.

Matrimony and money.—Punch says: It may, perhaps, be proper to state, that the distinguished personage known among the ancients by the name of *Cupid*, has recently changed his name to *Cupidity*, and will hereafter devote his attention to matters of money, as well as love affairs.

The trustees of Saratoga village charged Tom Thumb $25 per day for a license to exhibit himself there. Tom declined taking the "permit," and wrote to the trustees that their conduct satisfied him they were smaller than himself, and he would not compete with them.

Lectures to married men.—A Mr. Gregory is delivering a course of lectures to married men, in Boston. We have always understood that the Benedicts got lectures enough at home.

English Liberty is now defended, by 50,000 soldiers, and 30,000 armed police. Ninety years ago there were not 5,000 soldiers on the whole Island. Glorious institutions! Happy country!

"The newspaper critics of New York, in noticing Power's Greek Slave, are very particular in mentioning that there is nothing indelicate in the exhibition. What makes them think of such a thing?" [Lowell Courier.

During the last six months one hundred thousand emigrants have cleared from the port of Liverpool alone for this country and Canada. During the quarter ending the 30th June, the number of immigrants to the United States who sailed from Liverpool was 33,795, exclusive of children.

A person asked an Irishman why he wore his stockings the wrong side outwards? He answered, 'Because there was a hole on the other side."

A joke never gains over an enemy, but often loses a friend.

Col. May was robbed of a gold watch, at the "fancy" ball, in Newport.

"I read no critics' stuff," sneered bardling Snooks,
"Nor care what they may say of works of mine;"
"You're even, then," said Diggs, "of all your books,
No *critic* ever read the second line."
The Nonpareil.

AGENTS WANTED.

Several trustworthy and efficient Agents are wanted to get subscribers for the Voice. Apply at 76, Central street.

W. M. P. U.

We will send the *Voice* to Divisions of the Working Men's Protective Union, on the following terms:

Five	copies,	per annum,		$5,00.
Ten	"	"	"	9,00.
Twenty	"	"	"	18,00.

Friends, let us hear from you.

LADIES

You can buy Parasols, Parasoletts, and Sun Shades, one third cheaper of N. PACKARD, 90 Merrimack St., than you can at any establishment in the city.—Also, Trunks, Valises, and Carpet Bags, very cheap.

NOTICES.

Of Meetings of Protective Unions, Industrial Reform Associations, I. O. of R., &c., &c.

The Boston Union of Associationists meet every Wednesday evening at their Rooms on Channing street, two doors from Dr. Gannet's Church. All persons interested in Social Reform are invited to attend.

TEN HOUR SYSTEM.

The friends of Labor Reform, are notified that their meetings are holden at 76 Central St., every Wednesnay Evening—it is desirable thot every friend of human progress shoud be present.

Question.—Shall we pertition the Legislature for a reduction of the hours of labor?

L. U. A.

The Lowell Union of Assosiationists holds its regular monthly meetings the first Sunday evening in each month, at 7 o'clock, in the reading room, No. 76 Central street. A punctual attendance is requested.

Mary Emerson, Sec'y.

I. O. OF R.

At the last regular meeting of Pawtucket Tent No. 8, it was "voted that the time of meeting be changed from Friday to Tuesday evening."

☞ The Working Men's Protective Union, Division No. 1, meets at No. 5 Boylston Hall, Boston, every Wednesday evening for business, and Monday evening for discussion, at 7 o'clock, P. M.

Charles C. Jones, Sec'y.

Workingmen's Protective Union, Division No. 9, holds its meetings on Monday evenings, at No. 3, BoylstonHall, Boston.

All Divisions will be accommodated with goods on the same terms as those of the 9th—store open from 8 o'clock A. M., to 9 o'clock P. M.

Joseph Carew, Sec'y.

The Workingmen's Protective Union, Division No. 6, (Manchester, N. H.,) holds its meetings in Stark Building, on Mechanic street, 4th door, every Monday and Friday evenings for business, and Tuesday evenings for discussion, at 8 o'clock. S. D. Clark, Sec'y.

Workingmen's Protective Union, Division No. 11 (Lowell) holds its meetings at Humanity Hall, Market street, over Protective Union Store, every Saturday evening. A. Bedlow, Sec.

☞ The Female Industrial Reform and Mutual Aid Society of Lowell, meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, at the Reading Room, 76 Central street. All Ladies friendly to the mental, moral and physical improvement of their sex, are respectfully invited to smile upon our humble efforts, by their presence.

Mary Emerson, Pres't.

H. J. Stone, Sec'y.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

Lowell Division, No 34, Sons of Temperance, meets at Rechabite Hall, 76 Central street, every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock.

DAUGHTERS OF TEMPERANCE.

Harmony Division No. 9, Daughters of Temperance, meet every Thursday evening at Rechabite Hall, 76 Central street, at 1-4 before 8 o'clock.

RECHABITE TENTS.

Equality Tent, No 7, I. O. of R. meets every Monday ev'ng at 8 o'clock, at Rechabite Hall, 76 Central st.

Pawtucket Tent, No 8, I. O. of R., meets at the above Hall every Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock.

Lady Washington Tent, No 10, U. D. of R., meets at the above hall every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock.

The Daily and Weekly Chronotype.

EDITED BY ELIZUR WRIGHT.

PUBLISHED BY WHITE, POTTER & WRIGHT, 15 STATE STREET, BOSTON

TERMS—DAILY, ONE CENT, each number. For any sum forwarded to the publisher free of expense, they will send the paper at that rate till the money is exhausted.

WEEKLY.—Two dollars a year in advance, or for any shorter time at the same rate. For five dollars, three copies will be sent for one year.

This publication is made in the finest style of newspaper typograpey. It is independent of all sects, parties, and cliques, expressing freely the views of its editor and of such correspondents as he thinks proper to admit, on all subjects of human interest.

It advocates equality of human rights, and the abolition of slavery, thorough land reform, cheap postage, abstinence from intoxicating drinks, exemption of temperance men from taxes to repair the damages of drinking, a reform in writing and spelling the English language, the abolition of capital punishment, universal and kindly toleration in religion, life and health insurance, water cure, working men's protective unions, and all other practical forms of association for mutual aid—and generally, Progress.

It also gives the news from all parts of the country in the most condensed and intelligible style.

ITS EXCHANGE LIST is already very large—so large that it will be increased only on condition that the paper requesting the exchange will keep the above Prospectus standing in its columns

Any country paper which will keep the above in its columns, and furnish us with the most important news of its vicinity, by slip or otherwise, in advance of its regular publication, shall be supplied with the Daily Chronotype, in exchange for its weekly, and have our best thanks and due credit to boot. THE PUBLISHERS.

Boston, Sept. 1, 1847.

JONA. LADD

Attorney and Counsellor at Law,

Commissioner for the State of Vermont.

Office,—Spaulding's Building, (next North of the American House, Central street, Lowell, Ms.

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WILLARD RUSSELL & WILLIAM HAYWARD,

Dealers in

Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes and Clothing of all descriptions. Also, Umbrellas, Parasolettes and Parasols.

Lawrence, Sept. 10, 1847.

Books for sale at the Voice Office.

LABOR AND SOCIAL REFORM.

POPULAR View of the Doctrines of Chs. Fourier—by Park Godwin. Price 25 cts.

Organization of Labor and Association, by Math. Briancourt. Translated from the French by Francis George Shaw—25 cts.

Almanach Phalansterien pour 1847—15.

A Plain Lecture on Association—3 cts.

An Address to the Labor Reform League, by a member—12 cts.

Social Reform—15 cts.

Poverty—its Legal Cure by Spooner—25 cts.

PHRENOLOGY, PHYSIOLOGY, &c.

Physiology, Animal and Mental, by Fowler—50 cts.

Physiology, by Mrs L. N. Fowler—25 cts.

Hereditary Descent, by O. S. Fowler—50 cts.

Phrenological Almanac for 1848—6 cts.

Matrimony, by O. S. Fowler—25 cts.

Temperance, by O. S. Fowler—6 cts.

Tight Lacing, by O. S. Fowler—6 cts.

Becklard's Physiologist—25 cts.

Facts for Young Men and Women—12 cts.

Right Use of Physicians, by Dr Alcott—12 cts.

City and Country—6 cts.

Lectures on the Science of Human Life, by Sylvester Graham—$3.

Teacher of Health, by Dr Alcott—$1.

Vegetable Diet, by the same—75 cts.

Use of Tobacco, by the same—12 cts.

Book of Health for the Million, by La Roy Sunderland—25 cts.

Neuropathy, by Frederick Hollick, MD—25 cts.

WATER CURE.

Water Cure Manual, by Joel Shaw—50 cts.

Facts in Hydropathy, by the same—12 cts.

ANTI-SLAVERY.

Facts for the People, by Loring Moody—20 cts.

Unconstitutionality of Slavery, by L. Spooner—25 cts.

Narrative of Wm W. Brown, a fugitive—25 cts.

Liberty Minstrel—50 cts.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Non-resident, by Adin Ballou—37 cts.

The Death Penalty, by Chas. C. Burleigh—25 cts.

Dodd's Mesmerism, 25 cts.

Gerritt Smith on Sectarianism, 12 cts.

Business Man's Assistant, 25 cts.

A Kiss for a Blow, by Henry C. Wright, 37 cts.

Parker's Sermon on Immortality, 12 cts.

Do. do. on Merchants, 12 cts.

Do. do. on Dangerous Classes, 12 cts.

A Derby Lecture, by Rev. W. H. Furness, 6 cts.

Lectures on the Bible, by Rev. J. Prince, $1.

Women, their Condition, Influence and Rights, 25 cts.

Philosophy of Evil, 37 cts. aug28

MEDICATED

Vapor Bath Establishment,

No. 12 Franklin Street, Boston.

UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF DR. M. M. MILES.

THIS is the oldest institution of the kind in New England, and the success attending the treatment of various diseases, has more than met the most sanguine expectations of the superintendent, and its popularity is increasing every day. It has recently been refitted, in a neat and convenient style. Patients can be furnished with medical treatment, board and good nurses, at reasonable prices.

Ladies who may wish to enjoy the luxury of these celebrated baths, or who may require medical aid, will be waited upon by female attendants, who have been constantly engaged in the business for a series of years. Their department is entirely separated from the gentlemen's

The Medicated Vapor Baths are among the most efficacious agents ever invented, for removing every kind of disease; and in connection with other appropriate medicines, and medical treatment, they will effect a permanent cure in all cases within the reach of human skill, and have proved a remedy in hundreds of cases, when every thing else has failed.

These Baths do not resemble the system of steaming practiced by Samuel Thomson and his followers.

They are highly recommended by some of the best physicians in this country and in Europe. Persons can take them under the advice of their own Physicians, and rely upon their directions being strictly followed.

Reference can be given to some of the most eminent Physicians in the city; also to many other highly repectable individuals

The following kinds of baths are administered every day in the week, (Sundays excepted) from 8 o'clock in the morning till 9 in the evening.

Whitlaw's Medicated Vapor Baths.
Iodine Vapor Baths.
Sulphur Fume Baths.
Plain Vapor Baths, and Shower Baths
Portable Vapor Baths constantly on hand, and for sale.

Dr. Miles can be consulted at this institution every day, from 9 o'clock A. M. to 1 P. M.

July16—1

TESTIMONIALS.

The undersigned take great pleasure in recommending to the favorable consideration of those who are unhappily afflicted with Hernia, Mr. James Frederick Foster as a skillful and competent person in the manufacture and fitting of Trusses. We have employed him, (some of us for over twenty years,) and therefore speak from a personal knowledge of his abilities. His early advantages, his long experience in the business, and the large number of individuals whom he has relieved in every variety of cases, render him, in our opinion, equal, if not superior, to any manufacturer of the article. His father, Dea. Gideon Foster of Charlestown, was master of the poor-house in that town, for upwards of twenty years, during which period Mr. Foster availed himself of the opportunity, and made application, of his Trusses to a great variety of cases, with great success; some of which were of a very complicated and distressing character.

It is well known to all who have occasion to wear Trusses, that their great excellence consists in the adaptation to the body, at the same time relieving the patient. Any ordinary mechanic may make a truss, but none but a skillful practitioner can apply it in such a manner as effectually to relieve and oftentimes radically cure the complaint.

Our experience has convinced us that Mr. Foster has thoroughly attained this knowledge. The certificates of Dr. J. C. Warren and other eminent surgeons, which he has shown us, fully sustain the opinion we here express.

David Dodge,	aged 75	Sam. Payson,	aged 75
Newhall Martin,	" 78	Sam. Etheridge,	" 53
James R. Turner,	" 40	Arnold Southwick,	" 48
John Lock,	" 66	Uriah Tufts,	" 75

Charlestown, March, 1847. July16—1

AMBROSE LAWRENCE,

DENTIST.

OFFICE, [established Oct. 1, 1839] No. 27 Merrimack st. second door east of the Museum—Lowell.

NEW ENGLAND

Truss Manufactory,

Boston, Massachusetts.

JAMES FREDERICK FOSTER continues to manufacture all the various approved TRUSSES, at his old stand, No 305 Washington St., opposite No. 264, entrance in Temple Avenue. Also, Abdominal Supporters, for Prolapsus Uteri. Trusses for Prolapsus Ani—Suspensory Bags, Knee Caps, Brack Boards, Steeled shoes for deformed feet. Trusses repaired at one hours notice, and made to answer oftentimes as well as new. The subscriber having worn a Truss himself 25 years and fitted so many for the last 10 years, feels confident in being able to suit all cases.

Convex Spiral Trusses; Dr. Chase's Trusses, formerly sold by Dr. Leach; Trusses of Galvanized Metal that will not Rust, having wooden and copper pads; Read's Spiral Truss; Rundell's do.; Salmon's ball and socket; Sherman's patent; French do.; Bateman's do, double and single; Stone's Trusses; also trusses for children, of all sizes. Dr. Fletcher's Truss, and Marsh's Truss, Dr. Hull's Truss, and Thompson's Ratchet Truss, and the Shaker's Rocking Trusses, may be had at this establishment. Whispering Tubes and Ear Trumpets, that will enable a person to converse low with one that is hard of hearing. All Ladies in want of Abdominal Supporters or Trusses, waited on by his wife, Mrs. Caroline D. Foster, who has had ten years experience, in the business.

JAMES FREDERICK FOSTER.

VALUABLE BOOKS.

FOR SALE BY BELA MARSH,

No, 25, Cornhill, Boston.

Facts for the People, showing the relation of the United States to Slavery &c., by Loring Moody.	20
The Unconstitutionality of Slavery, by L. Spooner,	25
Poverty, its illegal causes and legal cure, by Lysander Spooner,	25
Marriage, its history, ceremonies and philosophy, by L. N. Fowler,	25
Physiology for Schools and Families, by Mrs. L. N. Fowler,	25
Phrenology for Schools and Families, by Mrs. L. N. Fowler,	50
Phrenology, proved, illustrated and applied by O. S. Fowler.	$1,00
Physiology, Animal and Mental, by O. S. Fowler,	50
Hereditary Descent, by O. S. Fowler,	50
Love and Parentage, by O. S. Fowler,	25
Fascination, or the Philosophy of Charming,	40
Woman, her Education and Influence, by Mrs. H. Reid,	12
Philosophy of Mesmerism, by J. B. Dods,	12
Fowler's Phrenological Almanac, per Doz.	50
Fowler's Phrenological Journal, per annum.	$100
Dr. Eugene Becklard's Physiological Mysteries and Revelations,	12
The Bustle, a Philosophical and Moral Poem,	50
Facts for Young Men on the subject of Masturbation,	25
Facts for Young Women, on the same,	40
Water Cure Manual, by Joel Shew, M. D.,	25
Christian Non-resistance, Illustrated and Defended, by A. Ballou,	38
Discourse of Religion, by Theodore Parker,	$1,25
Parker's Sermons of the dangerous Classes, Merchants, &c., each.	12
The Church, as it is, by P. Pillsbury,	15
Lectures on the Bible, by J. Prince,	$1.00
Dr. Alcott's Young Wife, Husband, Mother, and House-keeper, each,	75

July 24. tf.

MILIKEN'S

EATING AND LODGING HOUSE,

Rear of 185 1-2 Washington Street, Boston.

HEAD OF NORFOLK AVENUE.

(ENTRANCE TO LADIES' ROOMS NO. 16 PROVINCE HOUSE COURT.

MILIKEN, having established himself in his new and commodious quarters, respectfully returns his grateful thanks to his friends and the temperance community generally, for the liberal patronage which hitherto has been extended to him, and is, as ever, *ready to accommodate*, to the fullest satisfaction and at his usual moderate prices.

HIS BILL OF FARE embraces the first in the market, and will still demand that attention at his eyes and hands which has rendered his establishment one of the *most popular places of resort in the "City of three Hills."*

DESSERTS or every variety which the market and season affords and served up under his own immediate direction, and in a manner that cannot fail to please.

☞ Open on Sundays at meal times. ☜

July 16—1.

BOND'S LONDON MARKING INK.

THE celebrity which this Ink has acquired, both in this Country and throughout Great Britain, is sufficient proof of its superior merit. One important advantage which it possesses over many other permanent Inks is, it can be used like common writing Ink, without the inconvenience of previously preparing the cloth for marking. For sale, wholesale or retail, by STEPHEN S. THAYER, Apothecary, No. 1 Revere House, Bowdoin Square, Boston.

☞ Price 37 1-2 cents per bottle.

July 16—1

BURT & WATERMAN,

Tremont Temperance House,

110 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

Transient Board $1,25 per day.

Miles C. Burt, H. Waterman, Jr,

FOR THE

KENNEBEC & PENOBSCOT,

VIA BOSTON & MAINE RAIL ROAD.

TRAINS leave Lowell every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, at 7, A. M. for PORTLAND, there connecting with the favorite Steamer HUNTRESS, Capt. D. Blanchard, for Bath, Gardiner, and Hallowell.

Fare from Lowell to Hallowell, $2,30.
" " Bath, $1,80.

Trains leave Lowell every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and FRIDAY, at 2½, P. M., for Portland, there connecting with the new and elegant Steamer GOVERNOR, Capt. T. P. Jewett for Bangor and intermediate landings.

Fare from Lowell to Bangor, $3,30.
" " Belfast, $2,80
" " " Thomaston, $2,30.

CHAS. MINOT,
Superintendant Boston & Maine Railroad.

J. S. DUNLAP, Agent, at the Depot.

May 7 6m.

IMPORTANT TO THE LADIES.

THE SUBSCRIBER, (No. 65, corner of Merrimack and John st.,) is weekly receiving from importers, both in New York and Boston, a new and beautiful assortment of Millinary Goods, as ever were offered in this city, and as cheap as can be found anywhere else. J. T. ADAMS.

Lowell, Sept 28, 1846. n25.

IMPORTANT TO BUYERS.

ALLEN & BEAL'S

FURNITURE WAREHOUSE.

Nos. 2, 4 and 6, Charlestown street, Haymarket Square, Boston.

Dealers in Hair Seatings, Burlap's Glue, Cabinet Trimmings, &c. &c.

Benjamin L. Allen, James H. Beal.

R. C. WOODBURY,

HOUSE, SIGN, FURNITURE AND ORNAMENTAL

PAINTER, GRAINER AND GLAZIER.

Persons out of the city wishing for his services, will be promptly attended to. Charges reasonable.

All orders addressed to S. C. Stapleigh's Auction Room, Central street, Lowell.

QUINCY HOUSE,

BY ELI WHEELOCK,

KEPT ON STRICTLY TEMPERANCE PRINCIPLES.

No. 1 Brattle Square, opposite Brattle Street Church.

BOSTON, MASS.

Daguerreotype Miniature Rooms!

82 CENTRAL STREET,

(Corner of Hurd Street, Lowell.)

MINIATURES taken at these Rooms in the most approved style, and in any weather, with or without colors, and gilded in the nicest manner, whether sold for a high or low price.

The Public are respectfully invited to call before obtaining Miniatures elsewhere, as the prices shall be as low as any in Lowell and perfect satisfaction guaranteed in all cases

Lowell, June 4.—1m. S. H. HASTINGS.

Fountain House.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public that he has taken the

FOUNTAIN HOUSE,

(Formerly kept by A. W. Rockwood, Esq.,)

CORNER OF BEACH STREET AND HARRISON AVENUE,

and is prepared to receive Permanent and Transient Boarders. The location is one of the most pleasant and convenient in the City; it is in the immediate vicinity of the Boston and Worcester, and Western Railroad Depots, and but a short distance from the Boston and Providence and Old Colony Depots.

About twenty rooms have recently been added to the house, and newly furnished, and the whole thoroughly repaired. The construction of the house is such, and his acquaintance with the markets so extensive, that he is enabled to accommodate Boarders at unusually low prices, and every effort will be made to render it a neat, quiet and desirable resting place for the traveller.

aug 16 B. HAMLIN.

G. E. CHEEVER,

WATCH-MAKER AND JEWELLER.

A splendid assortment of rich Jewelry and Fancy Goods very cheap at 112 Merrimack street. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry of every description repaired in the best manner and warranted.

Lowell, Jan, 1847.

WALTER BURNHAM, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Office—122 Merrimack, opposite Kirk street, Lowell, Mass.

POETRY FOR THE PEOPLE.

ETERNAL JUSTICE.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

"The man is thought a knave or fool,
Or bigot, plotting crime,
Who, for the advancement of his kind,
Is wiser than his time.
For him the hemlock shall distil;
For him the axe be bared;
For him the gibbet shall be built;
For him the stake prepared;
Him shall the scorn and wrath of men
Pursue with deadly aim;
And malice, envy, spite and lies,
Shall desecrate his name.
But truth shall conquer at the last,
For round and round we run,
And ever the right comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done.

"Pace through thy cell, old Socrates,
Cheerily to and fro;
Trust to the impulse of thy soul
And let the poison flow.
They may shatter to earth the lamp of clay
That holds a light divine,
But they cannot quench the fire of thought
By any such deadly wine:
But they cannot blot thy spoken words
From the memory of man,
By all the poison ever was brewed
Since time its course began.
To-day abhorred, to-morrow adored,
So round and round we run,
And ever the truth comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done

"Plod in thy cave, grey Anchorite;
Be wiser than thy peers;
Augment the range of human power
And trust to coming years,
They may call thee wizard, and monk accursed,
And load thee with dispraise;
Thou wert born five hundred years too soon
For the comfort of thy days;
But not too soon for human kind;
Time hath reward in store;
And the demons of our sires become
The saints that we adore.
The blind can see, the slave is lord;
So round and round we run;
And ever the wrong is proved to be wrong,
And ever is justice done.

"Keep, Galileo, to thy thought,
And nerve thy soul to bear;
They may gloat o'er the senseless words they wring
From the pangs of thy despair:
They may veil their eyes, but they cannot hide
The sun's meridian glow;
The heel of a priest may tread thee down,
And a tyrant work thee woe;
But never a truth has been destroyed;
They may curse it and call it crime;
Pervert and betray, or slander and slay
Its teachers for a time.
But the sunshine aye shall light the sky,
As round and round we run;
And the truth shall ever come uppermost,
And justice shall be done.

"And live there *now* such men as these—
With thoughts like the great of old?
Many have died in their misery,
And left their thought untold;
And many live, and are ranked as mad,
And placed in the cold world's ban,
For sending their bright far-seeing souls
Three centuries in the van
They toil in penury and grief,
Unknown, if not maligned;
Forlorn, forlorn, bearing the scorn
Of the meanest of mankind.
But yet the world goes round and round,
And the genial seasons run,
And ever the truth comes uppermost,
And ever is justice done.

THE BAPTIZED.

BY H. C. WRIGHT.

Time was when holy men were wont
To fill each morn the sacred font,
And, plunging in the lucid streams,
Absterge the night's collected steams.
Each day to God afresh baptized
The sacred rite they duly prized.
'T was sweet to them, at early dawn,
To take the temper of the morn;—
For trees, perspiring from their sleep,
Their forms in dewy vapor steep;
And summits peaked and level plains
Invite the heaven-descending rains;
And Phoebus, too, in sportive mood,
Pours o'er the heaven a golden flood;
Removes the mantle of the night
And bathes the world in streams of light.
What dreamy creedists only saw
As form, was their diurnal law.
In air and light their bodies braced,
In streams all stains corrupt effaced,
Not only *seemed* they pure to be,
Their inward Life was Sanctity.
It poured upon them like a flood,
And in the bath of God they stood.
In chastening virtue they confessed
Love's *waters rolled* within their breast.
From Heaven and Nature's baptistry
May I again such wise men see!

RECORDS OF SOCIAL PROGRESS.

'Onward!' is the Present's motto, to a larger, higher Life,
'Onward!' tho' the march be weary, tho' unceasing be the strife.

From The Harbinger.

TRUMBULL PHALANX,

TRUMBULL COUNTY PHALANX,
Braceville, Ohio, July 3, 1847.

To the Editor of the Harbinger:—I presume you and your readers will be glad to read a stranger's impressions even on a short visit to this Phalanx. I will therefore commit some of them to paper, and you may print them if you please.

The Phalanx, I may remark, for the information of some of your readers, has been in existance nearly four years, and has encountered many difficulties and submitted to many

tions are not now few or small: but so great is their change for the better in less than four years, that they are fully impressed with the promise of success. At no time, indeed, have they met with so many difficulties as the lonely settler in a new country meets with; for in all their poverty they have been in pleasant company and have aided one another. They are now surrounded by all the "necessaries" and some of the "comforts" of life. Each family has a convenient dwelling, and as far as I can judge for a short visit, they enjoy the "the good of their labor," "with no one to molest or to make them affraid."

Several branches of mechanical industry are carried on here, but agriculture is the staff on which they principally lean. Their land is very good, and of their thousand acres, over three hundred are improved. Their stock—horses, cattle and cows—"looks very well," as the farmers say. The improvements and condition of the domain, bespeak thrift, industry and practical skill. The Trumbullites are workers. I saw no "dainty fingered" theorists here. When such do come, I am informed, they do not stay long. Work is the order of the day. They would be glad of more leisure, but at this stage of the enterprise they put forth all their powers to redeem themselves from debt, and make such improvements as will conduce to this end, and at the same time add to their comforts. Not a cent is expended in display or for "knicknacks." The President lives in a log house and drives team on the business of the Association. Whatever politicians may say to the contrary, I think he is the only veritable "Log-Cabin President" the whole land can claim. The President's office is, however, rather nominal than otherwise, as the bnsiness of this body seems to be mostly in the hands of the "Council of Industry," and the board of "Directors," who act as checks upon each other.

The "economies" of Association they have already realized to some extent, but not so fully as they can, as it seems to me, even with their present means. Their children might be arranged more systematically into groups. In this case their women would be relieved of much care and would arrange themselves into groups for important functions. Especially would they be enabled to do this if they would establish a general "bakery," which would relieve forty women from the labor of making small batches of bread, two or three times a week.

Their school is probably full as good as any schools about them, but this is not enough for those whose motto is, "Integral Education." One or two true Associationists, who are qualified Teachers, learned and apt to teach, would meet a hearty welcome at the "Trumbull." They also need a well educated physician, who can and will teach them the conditions on which health depends, and who is willing to receive as his payment for his services his share in the "Equitable distribution of the Profits." Why should a doctor receive one or two dollars for a short visit to a patient, while the nurse receives but a shilling for a whole day's work at what is often "*repulsive labor?*" Why should a "salesman" have a thousand dollars yearly salary for selling cotton shirting, while the seamstress has but a shilling per diem for making it up? But I wander. So I return to the Trumbullites, and say that I think they deserve and should receive the substantial sympathy of their brethren throughout our land. Those who can invest stock, will do a good service to the cause to invest something here, even if they cannot become resident members. They need more capital, and a few thousand dollars would set them on a rock. But whether it comes or not, they are resolutely bent on "working out their own salvation." Our Pittsburg friends have nobly aided this body, and will continue to symphthize.

Their "fragmental" attempt to re-organize society, to a good degree, and will materially aid in preparing the way for a fuller realization of the science of living and doing the Will of God on earh. Yours truly.

C. WOODHOUSE.

☞ We find the following in the *Christian Freeman*, a Universalist paper published in Boston. Be careful, Bro. Cobb; your correspondent is *rather* heretical.—ED.

I would that the destiny of man, according to the prophetic vision of Fourier, might be realized; then should every body, even the poorest and vilest, live in a spot as beautiful as this, [the writer had been speaking of a beautiful mansion, gardens, etc.] and more so—live in a palace surrounded with gardens, and groves, and fountains. All the dry arguments of the logician cannot convince me but that all this may be realized. Then will the kingdom of God have come in very truth, and the creature be delivered from the bondage of corruption, into the glorious liberty of the children of God. Associations may be formed and disbanded, but my faith is not weakened in the least. I know that the idea, which in part emanated from the brain of Fourier, must be realized; that of associated labor, if no more. All this jarring of self-interest must not always be; this eternal waiting upon each other; this continual strife among brethren. And the poor, suffering and dying with want, we must not have always, for there is ever enough for all in God's beautiful word, but greedy self-interest holds it back, and grows fat upon hollow

limbs, bitter tears, groans most horrid, and painful sighs; even the death-rattle in the parched throat of the dying is sweet music to its ears. Oh! this cannot always be; for a better state of society will put an end to the terrible reign of selfishness.

The following betokens, at least, a realization of the great fact, that the tendencies of our Civilization are to still further tyrannize over, degrade and impoverish the laborer. Where is the remedy then? Is it in the Ten Hour System? That is an important step, but is it the only step required to bring us to the desired goal? We think not—*Industry must be organized.*—ED.

"But once let our factory villages become filled with a factory population, having a home, a living in no other place, knowing no other way by which to earn a livelihood, and then the iron hand of soulless and humanity-forsaken corporations will be upon them, grinding them in the dust of oppression.—Then the word of a petty tyrant of an overseer, or the line of an overbearing agent, will consign to the alms-house or to starvation, any operative who happens to become obnoxious, or who will not consent to degrade reasoning, Godlike humanity, to a level with inanimate machinery; moving not, thinking not, but by the act of the motive power, and that motive power the Almighty Dollar!—*Manchester Dem.*

League of Universal Brotherhood. On Monday evening, July 13, a meeting was held at the White Hart Tavean, Bishopsgate-street, "to hear the report of the progress of the League movement in England and America, and to consider plans for future operations at home and abroad." There were present Elihu Burritt, Joseph Sturge, George Sturge, John Jefferson, Frederick Wheeler, Richard Barratt, Thomas Beggs, R. K. Philp, and other friends of the peace principle, about fifty in number. The meeting would have been much larger, but for the imperfect notice by which it had been convened. Joseph Sturge, Esq. was called to the chair. Elihu Burritt read a paper showing the progress of the League. About 100 local Leagues are formed, and 13,000 persons have signed the pledge in Britain: in America, probably more. Names are now being added at the rate of one thousand weekly. Forty or fifty editors had inserted the *Olive Leaves* advocating the Ocean Penny Postage, and many cultivated female minds have lent their aid to the movement.—*Peoples Journal.*

Power of Protective Unions.—The Various Protective Unions which are springing up in this country do not aim at much beyond an economy of time and money to the members in the procurement of the necessaries of life for themselves and families; they have every prospect of success, and in view of the vast expense to society of sustaining and enriching that large class, known as the business class, who, for the want of a just and wise system of commercial exchanges, are performing ten-fold the service the actual interest of the producer and consumer require, it is but just and proper they should succeed until one grand system of connected Protective Unions shall swallow up all commerce and trade.—*Young America.*

The Sweet Potato. We apprehend that in a few years, the sweet Potato will be cultivated to considerable extent in New England. It is already well acclimated to New Jersey, and the young plants may be transplanted as easily as cabbages or tomatoes. In Ohio, persons make it a business to start plants early, and sell by thousands in the market. 'All, then, that is necessary here to make the culture successful, is to have the plants well started in hot beds, so that they will be strong, and in good condition for transplanting by the first of May, when they may saftely be removed to the spot where they are to be grown. Sandy plain land suits them admirably, and they will thrive well in any situation that is favorable for water-melons, or even for Indian corn.—*Worcester Spy.*

Novel Saw. An American inventor named *Cockran*, is exhibiting in London a novel *Saw* of his construction. The London Literary Gazette, speaks of it as follows; "One of the principle exhibitors of the evening was Mr. Cockran—a working model of a saw-mill, by the means of arangements of which, timber can be cut at any angle, or to any curve; the fantastic shapes produced are very remarkable. After an inspection only of the model, so simple and so effective, *the Admirality ordered the invention to be constructed at two of the Dock-yards.*

Lowell.—It is stated that 1,800,000 yards of cotton cloth are made at Lowell every week, amounting to 93,600,000 yards per year—enough to extend twice around the entire world! Sixty-five thousand bales of cotton are worked annually. Of printed Calico, there are 14,000,000 yards per year. In these manufactures one million of pounds of starch are annually used.

One of the London Journals lately used this remarkable expression, when speaking of the United States: "It is a country we cannot understand; it fights one country and

A FRIEND IN NEED IS A FRIEND INDEED

HARDLY a day passes that DR. MORRILL is not consulted by one or more persons who have been taking medicines for months and years for old Chronic Diseases without being cured; and the reason is, because they do not apply to a skilful and experienced Physician at first, or perhaps not at all. Many dose themselves up with Mercury, Copavia Nitre, &c, obtained at apothecaries; others apply to inexperienced or self-styled physicians, whose remedies are usually worse than the disease, and the bad effects of which are equally as difficult to remove. From the number of cases which have called on us, who suffer for years, both mentally and bodily, for want of discrimination in the first instance in obtaining an experienced physician, induces us to advise all afflicted with delicate complaints to be extremely cautious in the selection of a physician,—call on one in whom you can place confidence, as early as possible after contracting diseases, take his medicines and attend strictly to his directions until a perfect cure is effected; your health and money may thereby be saved

The Dr's New Office on Middlesex street, is finished and furnished in splendid style with all the conveniences that wealth can purchase, or that the sick can wish for, with the best Nurses to attend to those that wish for a nurse; and we have splendid Parlors for the sick that wish to be treated at the office. The Dr. attends to all diseases which flesh is heir to.

The afflicted should look out for Quacks that come from great cities, and from Vermont, with great references.

Ladies that prefer can consult with one of their own sex at the Dr.'s residence near the Office on Middlesex Street.

P. S. Recollect, the Medical and Surgical Institute, No. 9, Middle street, and No. 11, Middlesex street, at his New Office opposite the Machine Shop, established for the cure of all complaints, and a cure warranted in all private complaints or no pay taken. Medicines vegetable, and certain to eradicate every particle of disease in the shortest possible time.

ALSO—In connexion with Dr. Morrill can be found Dr. TEBBETS, an old experienced physician, who will treat on the Tomsonian Botanic principle all who prefer this course of treatment—rejecting all poisons for medicines and everything which tends to debilitate and depress the vital energies of the system.

☞ Our Monthly Drops and Pills are for females who are seeking relief from their maladies, and all are invited to call and be restored to health, as a cure is warranted in every case, no matter how long standing. More than twelve years experience has taught him the safety and surity of our remedies in every disease.

ALSO—Midwifery attended to at all times, by Dr. Tebbets. The Drs. can be found at all times, day or night, at No. 9, Middle street or at No. 11, Middlesex street, at their New Office, near the Railroad Crossing.

July16—1

THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.

AN ILLUSTRATED PERIODICAL FOR ALL CLASSES. EDITED BY JOHN SAUNDERS.

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Each sheet contains—

I. At least One Illustration in Wood, the full size of the Page, and engraved in the first style of the Art from Designs (chiefly) Original by the most eminent living Artists,
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OBJECTS.

THE OBJECTS OF THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL may be summed up into one word—PROGRESS.

Progress in social science, and especially in those departments of Social Science, which must ultimately secure to every human being the primary conditions of bodily and mental health and developement—namely, a sufficiency of excellent food, and Clothing,—well warmed, well ventilated, well drained, well lighted, and cheerful Homes—Baths, Gardens, and Parks,—Amusements.—Leisure, Books and Schools.

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